THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

VOL. IX.] *Saturday, September 30, ...1809.* [NO. 23.

LOVE AND VENGEANCE.

(Continued.)

The Abbe one day told his sister-in-law, that her sufferings were his work, that her happiness depended solely upon him, and that he would restore it to her if she would shew a little more complaisance. She turned her back to him without deigning to reply. This evident mark of contempt made the Abbe, whose passions were all of the most vehement kind, perfectly furious.

Some days afterwards, when the Marchioness had company, she ordered a *crème*. This creme, as it was afterwards discovered, was mixed with arsenic, but as the dose of poison was too small, and the effect was weakened by the milk, the Marchioness and those who partook of it, sustained in consequence but little inconvenience.

This circumstance at first excited a great sensation at Avignon, but, in time it ceased to be talked of, and the affair was entirely forgotten. Another event which occurred, banished it from the tho'ts of the Marchioness herself.

M. de Nochre died, and left her heiress to a large property, with a proviso that she was to possess it in her own right, and dispose of it as she pleased. This accession of fortune gave the Marchioness still greater weight than before; the Abbe himself exhorted the Marquis to behave with more indulgence to his wife, who was mistress of such a considerable property and income. The Marchioness was too discerning not to perceive the real motives of this alteration in the conduct of her enemies, and to be as much upon her guard against them as ever.

It was proposed that they should pass the autumn at Gange, a small town of lower Languedoc, belonging to the Marquis, whose family seat was at that place. From this country excursion, the Marchioness presaged nothing good. She recollected the poisoned creme; she knew that her husband's two brothers were her irreconcileable enemies, and resolved to make her will before her departure. She made her mother, Madame Roussan, universal legatee, but upon condition that she left the property at her decease to either of the

children of the testatrix. Her son was at that time six, and her daughter five years old.

After the Marchioness had convinced herself that this testament was consistent with all the forms of law, she sent for the magistrates of Avignon and several persons of rank, and declared in their presence, that in case she should die and make another will, she annulled beforehand this second will, and desired that the one which they saw before them should be considered as her real and only last will and testament. This declaration was taken down in writing in the most emphatic and explicit terms, and accompanied with all the formalities that could secure it against the attacks of chicanery.

Before her departure, the Marchioness distributed a sum of money among several ecclesiastics, to say mass for her after her decease ; and this charge she gave them in terms as urgent as if she had then been on her death-bed. All these preparations clearly proved that she was apprehensive of attempts not only to compel her to dispose of her property in favour of her tyrants, but also upon her life.

She took such a sorrowful and tender leave of her acquaintance, as if she was never to behold them again. Every person was deeply affected, and looked upon all this as a bad omen.

At Gange she was received by her mother-in-law, a lady of extraordinary merit, who usually resided at Montpellier, her husband, and her two brothers-in-law, who had preceded her. All vied with each other to render the place as agreeable to her as possible, and to make her forget the vexations she had endured. The Abbe and the Chevalier seemed to have entirely renounced a passion so offensive to the Marchioness, and were nothing but politeness, friendship, and respect.

The Marchioness, from the natural honesty and openness of her disposition and way of thinking, easily fell into the snare. In a few days her mother-in-law returned to Montpellier, and business called her husband to Avignon ; she was consequently left alone with his two brothers. They continued to dissemble, and at length succeeded in completely lulling the mistrust of the Marchioness.

The Abbe one day very adroitly turned the conversation to the will of the Marchioness, and gave her to understand that as long as it remained in the form in which it then was, the Marquis, her husband, would necessarily suspect that she bore him some secret grudge ; that this could not fail to vex him, and might easily pave the way to misunderstandings, and again disturb that harmony which the Marquis was so ardently desirous to strengthen. The monster

persuaded the credulous female, and she made a second in favour of her husband. The Abbe was perhaps ignorant of the declaration which she had made, after his departure, in presence of the magistrates of Avignon before she left that city, or he might have thought it could not invalidate the second will; be this as it may, the circumstance was never mentioned.

The Abbe had obtained by dissimulation the object which he had in view; he now threw off the disguise. He meditated only how to be revenged on his sister-in-law and how to put his brother, who had probably promised him a reward proportionate to the magnitude of the service, in speedy possession of the property of the deluded Marchioness.

On the 17th of May, 1767, the Marchioness being somewhat indisposed, resolved to take some medicine. The apothecary of the place prepared her a draught. When it was brought to the Marchioness it appeared so thick and black, that her stomach loathed it. She therefore contented herself with taking a few of the pills of which she was always accustomed to keep a quantity by her. It is highly probable that the Abbe and the Chevalier had infused poison into the draught, because the suspicion would not have fallen upon them, but upon the apothecary who prepared it. Under the cloak of civility, they sent several times to enquire after the health of their sister-in-law, and were much astonished to learn that the medicine, instead of producing the fatal effects which they expected, had agreed very well with the Marchioness; they were not aware that she had not taken it. They resolved, however, that this should be the last day of their sister-in-law's life, and they determined to put their design in execution, let the consequences be what they would.

The Marchioness, who had kept her bed that day, had received a visit after dinner from some ladies of her acquaintance. Never had she been in better spirits or better humour. Her brothers-in-law, on the contrary, were remarkably absent, as though they were profoundly meditating some important project. The Marchioness frequently rallied them in a delicate manner on their silence. Her sallies seemed to rouse the Abbe and the Chevalier from their reverie; they endeavoured to appear cheerful and jocose, but the violence they did themselves, escaped not the notice of the company. A collation was served, of which the Marchioness did the honors, and ate heartily, but which the two gentlemen refused to taste. At length the company took their leave; the Abbe attended the ladies to the door. The Chevalier remained alone with the Marchioness, and seemed lost in deep reflexion. She endeavoured, but

in vain, to guess the cause; in the mean time the Abbe returned, and solved the mystery.

The Abbe, on his return to the apartment of his sister-in-law, had a pistol in one hand, and in the other a glass, containing a thick black liquid. His features were horribly distorted and disfigured with rage; his eyes flashed fire, his hair stood erect, and his lips were covered with foam. He locked the door after him, stopped at the distance of a few paces from the bed of the unfortunate Marchioness, and eyed her so stedfastly, and such terrific silence, that his manner and look were a thousand times more frightful than the most violent explosion of fury could possibly have made him.

At this sight the Chevalier was roused from his lethargy; rage took possession of him also, and he drew his sword. The Marchioness at first imagined that this movement was for the purpose of protecting her; but the menacing looks which he darted at her, too soon convinced her of her mistake. For some minutes she was exposed to the horrors of this trying silent scene. The Abbe at length drew nearer, and with a firm tone, and a voice as if it issued from the grave, pronounced these tremendous words:—"Your last hour is arrived. Which do you chuse, sword, pistol, or poison?"—"What crime have I committed," exclaimed the Marchioness, "to make you murder me? I have nothing to reproach myself with on your account, except it be that I have proved a faithful guardian of your brother's honour, and my own." On this she fixed her beauteous eyes on the Chevalier, reminded him of all the services she had rendered him; that she had denied herself many things, to procure money for him, and that very shortly before, she had made him a present of five hundred livres. The only answer which the monster returned, "Chuse, or we will chuse for you." The Marchioness cast on them a look of contempt, raised her eyes towards heaven, and took the glass which the Abbe was holding. She emptied it while the one kept the pistol to her throat, and the other his sword pointed at her breast. A few drops fell upon her bosom, and took off the skin; her lips were in the same predicament. The Chevalier observed that a sediment of the liquid, composed of arsenic and corrosive sublimate, infused in aquafortis, was left at the bottom of the glass. With a large silver pin he carefully scraped together all that adhered to the sides of the glass, which he added to the sediment, handed it to the Marchioness, ordering her to drink it up. The lady did not swallow it, sunk back upon the pillow, began to groan as if she was already in the agonies of death, and unobserved, discharged into the bedclothes what she had retained in her mouth. "For God's sake,

she at length exclaimed, "now you have destroyed my body, do not kill my soul, but send me a confessor."

They both went out, locked the door after them, and called the rector of the place, who resided in the house. This monster whose name was Perrete, had been the private tutor of the Marchioness, and had always enjoyed her most intimate friendship.

During the whole of this horrid scene, the Marchioness had not lost her presence of mind for a moment, and had chosen the poison, because she relied on the vigour of her constitution. No sooner was she left alone, than she attempted to escape. She threw over her in haste a taffety gown, and opened a window, that looked into the inner court-yard of the mansion, and was twenty-two feet from the ground. She must have tumbled head-foremost, and dashed herself to pieces, had not Perrete, who entered at the moment, laid hold of her gown, in order to prevent her flight, and thus given her body a different direction. She fell upon her feet, which alone received some injury from the pavement. Her gown was torn by the weight of her body, and part of it was left behind in the hands of the rector. This villain immediately threw after her a large pitcher full of water, which stood in the window, which had it hit her, would probably have put an end to her sufferings; but it fell close by her, without doing her any injury.

(To be continued.)

Extraordinary

LOVE AFFAIR.

LONDON, JUNE 20.

NO subject has excited more public interest, than the unfortunate connexion, and the consequences which have resulted from it, between Lord Paget, and Lady Charlotte Wellesley. His Lordship is one of the bravest and most enlightened officers in the British army: and commanded the cavalry under Sir John Moore, in the late campaign in Spain. He is also a member of Parliament, and a married man. Lady Charlotte Wellesley too, is the wife of the Hon. Henry Wellesley, brother of the Marquis Wellesley, and a joint secretary of the treasury. Their affection for each other commenced in infancy, and from friendship ripened into unconquerable love, notwithstanding the connexions they had formed, and the greatest efforts on both sides to conquer it. At first they resolved to avoid meeting each other; but from the rank in which they moved in life, this was impossible. Lady Charlotte conceived herself strongly impressed with religious feelings, and flew to religion to protect her honour. This was a vain attempt. That which our poet had put in

the mouth of Eloisa, Lady Charlotte experienced. In vain did she address her prayers to heaven, Lord Paget was always in her thoughts, and the master of her affections. Lord Paget, on the other hand, who had chosen the honourable profession of arms, in order to avoid the temptation which he felt he had not force to resist, sought for and obtained an appointment on foreign service. He could not banish the idea of Charlotte from his heart; and those who knew him on the foreign service state, that upon every occasion he appeared to court danger, and to seek death. After Lord Paget's return from Spain, lady Charlotte, in consequence of a trifling altercation with her husband, eloped from him, and threw herself on the protection of Lord Paget, which he afforded her. Colonel (Captain) Cadogan, brother of lady Charlotte, immediately sent the following note to his lordship:—

Cook's Hotel, Dover-Street, March 28, 1809.

My lord—I hereby request you to name a time and place where I may meet you to obtain satisfaction for the injury done myself and my whole family, by your conduct towards my sister.

I have to add, that the time must be as early as possible, and the place not in the immediate neighbourhood of London, as it is by concealment alone, I am to evade the police. W. CADOGAN.

LORD PAGET'S ANSWER.

March 30, 1809.

SIR—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 28th inst. I have nothing to say in justification of my conduct towards your sister, but that it has been produced by an attachment perfectly unconquerable.

She has lost the world upon my account, and the only atonement I can make, is to devote myself, not to her happiness (which with her feeling mind is, under present circumstances impossible) but to endeavour by every means in my power to alleviate her suffering. I feel, therefore, that my life is hers, not my own. It distresses me beyond all description, to refuse you that satisfaction which I am most ready to admit you have a right to demand; but upon the most mature reflexion I have determined upon the propriety of this line of conduct.

My cause is bad indeed; but my motive for acting thus is good; nor was I without hopes that you would have made allowances for this my very particular situation, and thereby have largely added to the extreme kindness you have already shewn to your sister upon this afflicting occasion. I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant, PAGET.

On referring to the date of your letter, it becomes necessary to assure you that I have only this moment received it.

COLONEL CADOGAN TO H. SLOANE, ESQ.

(His intended Second)

London, April 2, 1809.

My dear Sir—I have availed myself of the very first moment in my power to relieve you from the anxiety you have some days past been feeling on my account, by assuring you that all communication between Lord Paget and myself has ceased.

And in order that what has passed may not be misrepresented, I herewith inclose copies of the only letters that have been exchanged, and I have to request that you will show them, together with this letter, to any of my friends, or of your own acquaintance, that wish to read them.

When my sister, after a separation of a very few days, returned to lord Paget, and when I was convinced by a variety of circumstances, that the fear of my resentment had no farther effect in deterring her from that connexion, I could no longer restrain the impulse of my feelings, and immediately demanded that satisfaction from lord Paget, which the laws of my country do not afford, but which I had a right to ask, and he was equally bound to give me, for the injury he had done myself and my whole family. This satisfaction however, Lord Paget thought proper to deny me, alledging, as his letter expressed, that his life is not his own, but my sister's; and thus making the very injury for which I demanded satisfaction, his excuse for not meeting me. It is not unknown to you, that I have by concealment alone been able for some some time, to evade the police, who having anticipated the step I was likely to take, are still continuing in pursuit of me. Under these circumstances, it would ill become me to apply to the conduct of lord Paget the expressions that my feelings at this moment dictate; and I shall therefore leave it to you and others to determine whether the line he has thought proper to adopt on this occasion, is, or is not, the most honourable. I remain, dear Sir, yours most sincerely.

W. CADOGAN.

TO H. SLOANE, Esq.

After this correspondence, lord Paget and lady Charlotte retired to a village in Devonshire; where Col. Cadogan pursued him with repeated challenges, until his honor gaining ascendancy over his love, he tore himself from her arms, to give her brother the satisfaction he required. With what intentions, the following statement of the seconds in the duel, will shew:—

Duel between Lord Paget, and Capt. Cadogan.

In order to prevent the appearance in the papers of any mistatement respecting the duel which took place this morning, between

Lord Paget and Capt Cadogan, we, the respective friends of the parties, feel it incumbent on us to submit the following as the correct statement of the event as it occurred.—In consequence of a challenge having been received by lord Paget from Capt. Cadogan, and every attempt to prevent a meeting having failed, the parties attended by their respective friends, Capt. Cadogan by Capt. M'Kenzie, of the Navy, and Lord Paget by Lieut. col. Vivian, of the 7th light dragoons, met as agreed, at 6 o'clock, on Wimbleton Common. The ground having been taken at twelve paces distance, they were directed to fire together. Captain Cadogan fired, lord Paget's pistol flashed—this having been decided to go for a fire, a question arose whether lord Paget had taken aim as if intending to kill his antagonist. The seconds being clearly of opinion that such was not his intention, (although the degree of obliquity could have been discovered only by particular observation) Capt. M'Kenzie stated to Capt. Cadogan, that as it appeared to be lord Paget's intention not to fire at him, he could not admit of the affair proceeding any further. Lt. col. Vivian then asked Capt. Cadogan, whether he had not observed that lord Paget had not aimed at him—to which he replied in the affirmative. Capt. M'Kenzie then declared his determination not to remain any longer in the field to witness any further act of hostility on the part of capt. Cadogan. Capt. C. replied of course his conduct must be decided by his second, declaring at the same time that he had come prepared for the fall of one of the parties. On capt. M'Kenzie and lieut. col. Vivian's making it known to lord Paget, that as he evidently did not intend to fire at capt. Cadogan, the affair could go no further; lord P. replied, "as such is your determination, I have now no hesitation in saying, that nothing could have induced me to add to the injuries I have already done the family, by firing at the brother of lady Charlotte Wellesley." The parties then left the ground.

Signed, R. H. VIVIAN.
G. C. M'KENZIE.

The following letters from Lady Charlotte, will shew the state of her mind.

Extract of a letter from lady Charlotte Wellesley, to J. Arbuthnot, Esq.

"It would be the height of ingratitude were I not to try to convey my thanks to Henry Wellesly for his most kind and generous offer of taking home a wretch who has so much injured him. I dare not write to him myself; but I implore it of you to say every thing which gratitude and feeling can suggest, to express my sense of the kindness of his conduct. His note was forwarded to me this morning; but degraded and unprincipled as I must appear in the eyes of every body, believe me I am not lost to all sense of honor, which would forbid my returning to a

husband, and to children I have abandoned. Indeed, my dear Mr. Arbuthnot, if you knew all, you would pity more than blame me. Could you tell all the resistance that has been made to this criminal, most atrocious attachment, could you know what are my sufferings at this moment, you would feel for me.—Henry has not deserved this of me. We have had some differences, and he may perhaps have sometimes been a little too harsh to me; but I can with truth assert, and I wish you to publish it to the world, that in essential, and indeed in trifling objects, he has ever been kind to me to the greatest degree—nor has the person who may be supposed to have attempted to lower him in my estimation, in order to gain my affections, ever spoke of him to me but in the highest terms of respect. About my dear, dear children, I must say one word. Do you think I dare hope by any remote or indirect means to hear sometimes of them; you know how I love them! You are aware of their merits, and what I must feel at having quitted them; but I have the satisfaction, the inexpressible comfort of knowing they will be taken care of by their father, though their mother has abandoned them. My dear little Henry and Charles—Oh, God bless you! I wrote every thing last night."

Tuesday morning, 6 *o'clock.*

"Since writing the enclosed, I have come to town, and if it is not repugnant to your feelings, I think I should like to have an interview with you, but not if you object to it in any way. The bearer can bring you to me instantly, if you will see me—but if not, ask no questions."

Henry Wellesley wrote to her in answer to this letter to Arbuthnot:—

"That for the sake of her welfare, and that of her children, he would consent to receive her again, provided she would return, and break off all correspondence and connexion with the person she was then with—but that she must return instantly, for the next day would be too late."

Lady Charlotte will not return at present; but if a divorce is not obtained, the friends of the family have hopes of effecting a reconciliation. Lady Paget, having been made acquainted with the "whole course of love" of her husband for Lady Charlotte, the measures he has pursued, and the sufferings he has endured; has declared, that he acted as became a man of spirit and honour, has cordially forgiven him, and they retired from town to Braudefert, in Staffordshire, where they live together.

The result of the business has been, that Mr. Henry Wellesley sued lord Paget for damages in an action of Crim. Con. where his lordship suffered the action to go by default, and the jury brought in

their verdict for the plaintiff—damages—20,000*l.* This sum his lordship has paid; and has purchased a house for lady Charlotte Wellesley, in which she now resides, and has made a settlement upon her. Previous to the last measures, Mr. H. Wellesley consented to receive lady Charlotte back, but she would not return.

SHAKSPEARE'S SCIENCE.

THERE can be no doubt that Shakspeare had a considerable portion of scientific knowledge. Pope says, that "*Whatever object of nature, or branch of* SCIENCE, *he either speaks of, or describes, it is always with competent, if not extensive knowledge.*" And Theobald: "*With regard to his thinkiug it is certain, that he had a general knowledge of* ALL THE SCIENCES;" and did they, who are engaged in scientific pursuits, and who love and admire the writings of the immortal bard, examine with accuracy those passages in which allusions are made to subjects, that have particularly engaged their attention, many beauties would be elicited, which have escaped the notice of the most erudite commentators, whose erudition is for the most part wasted in quarrelling with each other, or in seeking the footsteps of the poet in beaten ways, which happily he never trod. *Cassius's* account of the *sickness of Cæsar*, is a remarkable instance of minute accuracy.

"He had a *fever* when he was in Spain,
And *when the fit was on him*, I did mark
How he did *shake*; 'tis true this god did shake:
His coward *lips did from their colour fly*;
And that same *eye*, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did *lose his lustre*; I did hear him groan:
Aye, and that *tongue* of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cry'd, *give me some drink*, Titinius!"

An eminent *physician* and *lecturer* of the present day, refers his pupils to the above passage, as a perfect description of a *paroxism of intermittent fever*.

MORE MISERIES.

MISERIES OF READING.

IN the perusal of an extremely scarce book, which you have spent much ineffectual time, and no small sum to procure, just as you arrive at the interesting part, for which you have waded through a mass of tedious matter, to find the whole of the remaining leaves torn out—hiatus valde dflendus.

A studious man, being detained in his lucubrations over Shaks-

peare, many hours after the family is gone to rest, is interrupted by the smell of his expiring candle, burnt down to the socket; in a minute, all is utter darkness; no means of procuring a fresh light; a difficult navigation up three pair of stairs to his bed-room; in passing the room of the lady of the house, a couple of her favourite dogs, with their shrill bark, inform the whole family, most unseasonably, that "Macbeth hath murdered sleep."

MISERY IN WALKING.

A man of delicate and irritable nerves, walking in a public promenade, his stick, which he carelessly dangles by the tassel, by accident getting between his legs, the gentleman, to save a precipitate salutation of his mother earth, is projected rapidly forward several paces, and is ultimately saved, by stumbling against a broad-shouldered, black-looking man, who insists upon *gentlemanly* satisfaction for the insult: ladies laughing, thermometer about 80.

REVIEW.

HELEN;
Or,
DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES,
A TALE, IN 2 VOLS.

This ingenious little work is published by subscription, and it is honourable to the discernment of the subscribers to have patronized the talents of such a writer. They have their reward in a tale, which, though with slight variations, often told, has rarely been told so well.

THE MYSTERIOUS WANDERER.
A Novel.—By Sophia Reeve.

This is a novel of uncommon merit. The moral is unexceptionable, but the style will, we hope, in future works, be improved. The patronage which Lady Elizabeth Spencer affords to Miss Reeve, reflects honor on both.

PUNNING.

Alexander to Aristotle, greeting,

"*You have not done well to publish your books of select knowledge, for what is there now in which I can surpass others if those things, which I have been instructed in, are communicated to every body.*"

Plutarch.

Mr Editor.

The "Rules for *Punning*, or *Puns* for all persons and seasons," which appeared in preceding numbers of your paper, were intended, I suppose, to dissipate the gloom of melancholy, and excite laughter amongst your readers; but on me, how different were the effects produced. On the 30th of August last, I was one of the happiest men living. I had, up to that period, supported, with great ability, the character of a

wit, alias *punster*; but, on the second of September, (a day ever fatal to punsters) out sallies your publication—every man becomes his own punster—and, "*Othello's occupation's gone.*" You have betrayed the *invaluable secret*—you have levelled *wits* to the diminutive dimensions of blockheads—you have removed the veil, and exposed the nakedness of the land! I am no more

A PUNSTER.

VARIETY.

AN OLD JOKE.

Every one has heard the story of a man who, when looking at a house, asked the servent, a pretty girl, with whom he seemed much inclined to take some liberties, whether she was to be let with it? "No, Sir," she replied, "if you please, I am to be *let alone.*"

The origin of this jest or pun is not so well known, and it will surprise some people to learn that it is to be found in a *pious* writer, who was born in the year 1592—viz. Francis Quarles.

ON THE WORLD.

"This house is to be let for life or years;
Her rent is sorrow, and her income tears;
Cupid 't has stood long void; her bills make known,
She must be dearly let, or *let alone.*"

PHYSICIANS.

A serious fact.

Once upon a time, a man fell sick, but being able to leave his home, he went in search of a physician. Many men, on their deathbed, have, we are told, turned seers, and to this sickly man it so happened that he was, through his malady, furnished with an uncommon vision, which lent him the power of seeing, as he approached the house of a doctor, all the ghosts of those dispatched by his art, clustering round the door. The portal of the first he came to, who was very eminent, was so beset with departed friends, as to seem to his eyes inaccessible. Not wishing to make one amongst them, nor much admiring the issue of the skilful practice of this medical gentleman, he went to another, and another, before whose abodes he perpetually found flitting innumerable shades. At length, in the suburbs, he beheld a house haunted by only one solitary ghost. "Ah!' he exclaimed, "this is the man for me!" He entered, received a prescription, paid his fee, and was retiring, when the doctor said—"Pray, Sir, (if I may presume to ask) how happens it that you found me out in this obscure corner?" The sick man not replying immediately, he added—"You will not be surprised, Sir, at my question, when I tell you that I have been here these three years

and never had but *one* patient before !"

A new tragedy, in which Garrick was a principal performer, was presented to the public in the year 1775, the first, second, and third acts of which were received without any particular marks of disapprobation, and with occasional applause. The poor author, in the utmost agitation, alternately swayed by hope and fear, eagerly enquired of the actors if they thought his piece would succeed ; and at the commencement of the fifth act, requested Mr. Garrick's opinion, who told him he could see no reason why it should not pass, as so far it had proceeded unmolested ; but yet he hardly knew what to think, for he had observed in the pit, during the whole performance, *a d—d surly looking old fellow*, with his chin resting on his walking-stick, who eyed him with a stare of malignity, every time he appeared on the stage, and he feared this boded no good.

" Good Lord ! (as somebody sublimely sings)
What great effects arise from little things !"

The last scene of the fifth act was now presented, when Garrick, who in the play personated a king, retiring from regal dignity, and without a male successor, addressed himself in the following words to the two princesses :

" To you, my daughters, I resign my crown !"

Which was scarcely delivered, when the man in the pit, with the malignant aspect, jumping on his seat, vociferated, " Just HALF a *crown* a-piece, by G—d !" This convulsed the audience with bursts of laughter ; and the confusion became so great, that in spite of the utmost exertions of the actors to give it out for a second representation, the play was damned.

A Gentleman in company with a young lady, could not forbear telling her she was wondrous handsome. " Sir, (says the lady) I thank you for your good opinion, and wish with all my heart I could say as much for you." " Why, so you might, madam," replied the gentleman, " if you made no more scruple of telling a lie than I do."

A country gentleman walking in his garden, observed his gardener asleep in the arbour. " What," said he, " you idle dog, asleep, instead of being at work. You are not worthy the sun should shine upon you." " I am truly sensible of my unworthiness," answered the man, " and therefore laid myself down in the shade."

Recipe for Pickling.

After cleansing your cask, first put a layer of white-oak leaves, and then a layer of cucumbers, or whatever your pickles consist of,

and so on to fill your cask, intersperse between each layer, *dill seed, mustard seed, horse raddish*, &c. and to every twenty cucumbers one bell of pepper; from a composition of clear salt and water, not hardly sufficiently strong to bear an egg, to a gallon and one quart of good vinegar, scald and skim this pickle—after cool to a degree of bloodwarmth, add it to your cask, and cover it tight.

If rightly performed, this method will preserve pickles the year round, and forms a very agreeable sauce.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

On seeing Mr. Young in the character of LOTHAIRE.

THE soldier and the man in thee combin'd,
Here true nobility of soul we find,
The sympathetic filial duty here
Claims from all eyes the tribute of a tear.
The high-born valour, and the chasten'd love,
So well pourtray'd, thy various powers prove;
Thy well-earn'd praises flow from every tongue,
Still be Lothaire, and Lothaire ever YOUNG! ****.

MARRIED,

On Wednesday evening, the 20th inst. by the rev. Dr. Beach, Mr. Neill M'Neill, merchant, of the house of W. & N. M'Neill, & Co. to Miss Charlotte Stout, youngest daughter of the late Benj. Stout, Esq.

On Saturday last, at Brook-Haven, Long-Island, by the rev. Mr. Curran, Mr. Joseph G. Bayles, to Miss Arminda Bartlett, all of that place.

At East Hampton, Long Island, Mr. Miller Dayton, to Miss Mary Stratton.

DIED,

On Thursday last, at Germantown, Mr John Edmund Harwood, formerly of the New-York Theatre. As a comedian, his chaste and inimitable performance will ever be remembered with delight by the admirers of the Drama. As a Poet, he will hold a distinguished rank among the native genius of the age, and as a man, he will be always recollected with admiration and esteem.

" Where are his flashes of wit now, that were
Wont to set the table in a roar ?"

At Baltimore, on the 21st inst. Mr. Alexander Reinagle, in the 62d year of his age, one of the Managers of the Philadelphia and Baltimore Theatres. His talents, as a musical composer, were unrivalled in this country.

Our City Inspector reports the death of 33 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.

THE following impressive picture, copied from a London Magazine, will show the shocking and barbarous custom that prevails in Great Britain, and other despotic countries, of impressing men from their families, to fight battles to which they are in no way a party. In England, a body of men, called the "*Press-gang*," make it their business to take up every "*shabby one*" they meet, and even enter poor dwellings, and take off the "*Lords of the mansion*," whom they hurl into the hold of a "*tender*," where they are stowed in hundreds, shackled with irons, and beaten if they dare to complain. From thence, (and they are happy to get out of this den of misery) they are transferred to different ships of war, ordered for foreign service, and may not perhaps set foot on *terra-firma* during the war, *though it continue twelve or fourteen years.* ED.

WILL CLEWLINE.

FROM Jamaica's hot clime, and her pestilent dews,
From the toil of a sugar-stow'd bark;
From those perilous boatings, that oft thin the crews,
And fill the wide maw of the shark;

From fever, storm, famine, and all the sad store
Of hardships by seamen endur'd;
Behold poor Will Clewline escap'd, and once more
With his wife and his children safe moor'd.

View the rapture that beams on his sun embrown'd face,
While he folds his lov'd Kate to his breast;
While his little ones, trooping to share his embrace,
Contend who shall first be caress'd.

View them climb his lov'd knee, while each tiny heart swells,
As he presses the soft rosy lip;
And of cocoa nuts, sugar, and tamarinds tells,
That are soon to arrive from the ship.

There see him reclin'd on his favourite chair,
With his arm round the neck of his love;
Who tells how his friends and his relatives fare,
And how his dear younglings improve.

The evening approaches, and round the snug fire,
Their little ones sport on the floor;
When lo! while each accent, each glance is desire,
Loud thunderings are heard at the door.

And now like a tempest that sweeps through the sky,
And kills the first buds of the year;
Oh view, 'midst this region of innocent joy,
A gang of fierce ruffians appear!

They seize on their prey all relentless as fate,
He struggles—is instantly bound;
Wild scream the poor children, and lo his lov'd Kate,
Sinks, pale and convuls'd, to the ground.

To the hold of a tender, deep crowded and foul,
Now view the brave seaman confin'd;
And on the bare planks all indignant of soul,
All unbefriended, behold him reclin'd

The children's wild screamings still ring in his ear,
He broods on his Kate's poignant pain,
He hears the cat howling—his pangs are severe,
He feels—but he scorns to complain.

Arriv'd now at Plymouth, the poor enslav'd tar,
Is to combat for *freedom* and *laws*;
Is to brave the rough surge in a vessel of war,
He sails, and soon dies in the cause.

Kate hears the sad tidings, and never smiles more,
She falls a meek martyr to grief;
The children, kind friends and relations deplore,
But the Parish alone gives relief.

Ye statesmen, who manage the cold blooded land,
And who boast of your seamen's exploits;
Ah! think how your death-dealing bulwarks are mann'd,
And learn to respect human rights.

Like felons, no more let the sons of the main
Be sever'd from all that is dear;
If their suff'rings and wrongs be a national stain,
Let those suff'rings and wrongs disappear.

THE RUNAWAY.

AH! who is he by Cynthia's gleam
Discern'd, the statue of distress:
Weeping beside the willow'd stream,
That bathes the woodland wilderness?

Why talks he to the idle air?
Why, listless, at his length reclin'd,
Heaves he the groan of deep despair,
Responsive to the midnight wind?

Speak, gentle shepherd! tell me why?
—Sir! he has lost his wife, they say—
Of what disorder did she die?
—Lord, sir! of none—she ran away.

THE SIGH.

RETURN, Oh Love, in rosy breath,
The sigh I softly breath'd to thee;
Return my Love thy sacred faith,
Return thy vows, in sighs to me.

Oh give in whisper's music breath'd,
Some lingering thoughts of promis'd love,
One cherish'd rose, in myrtle wreath'd,
One hope that may these doubts remove.

Say, did that bosom never heave?
Yes, you *do love*, your eyes declare it;
Come, cast the thorn, the rose receive,
You hate the chain, yet you must wear it.

EPIGRAM.

Tender Expostulation.

When last I attempted your pity to move,
Why seem'd you so dead to my prayers?
Perhaps you did right to *dissemble* your love,
But why did you kick me down stairs?

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